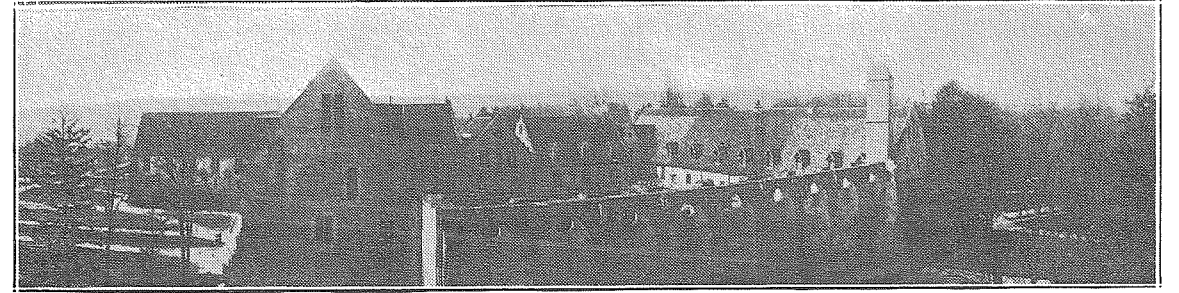


Royaumont News-Letter



Vol. II.

FEBRUARY, 1932.

No. 5.

Published by the Royaumont and Villers Cotterets Association of the Scottish Women's Hospitals,
c/o Mrs. Ivens-Knowles, C.B.E., M.S. (Lond.), 65 Wimpole Street, W.1.

Acting Editor *pro. tem.*: V. C. C. COLLUM, Well Bottom, Melbury Abbas, Shaftesbury, Dorset.

Object of the Association: To maintain and strengthen our wartime comradeship.

Subscription: Half-a-crown per annum, due **December 1st**, for following year.

President: Mrs. Ivens-Knowles, C.B.E., M.S. (Lond.)

Vice-Presidents: Miss Ruth Nicholson, M.S., Miss Elizabeth Courtauld, M.D.

Chairman: Miss Etta Inglis.

Hon. Secretary: Mrs. Sanderson.

Hon. Treasurer: Miss F. M. Tollit, 12 Woodchurch Road, N.W.6.

Subscribing Members can have letters addressed to them c/o the Association. They can also consult the Association Address-Book, kept at **65 Wimpole Street, W.1**, on application to Mrs. Ivens-Knowles.

Editorial

Miss Nicholson

Royaumontites often maintain that the number "13" was the hospital's lucky number, but our thirteenth Dinner, though a jolly one in itself, has brought us one misfortune, and that is the enforced resignation by our Vice-President, Miss Nicholson, of the Honorary Secretaryship of the Annual Dinner. Those of us who knew how very hard-worked she has been since Mrs. Knowles retired from Liverpool and she herself has had to take up so many of "Miss Ivens's" duties, were amazed that she could find time to attend to the organization of the Reunion Dinner—in London. She has

carried on with it even after the burden had become an impossible one, and members can never thank her enough for the splendid way in which she has kept the Dinners going for more than a decade. As she said, she has been deserted, in Liverpool, by our President and by a very willing helper in the annual secretarial work of the Dinner in the person of Miller, and under the new conditions, single-handed, the task has grown beyond her powers. Salway, appreciating the fact that professional women find it very difficult to give the necessary time to such organizing and secretarial work, has taken the burden on her own more-leisured shoulders, and it is now up to Royaumontites to show their gratitude to Miss

Nicholson for her long spell of work as Secretary by rallying round her successor and helping her to keep up the splendid tradition of the last thirteen years. Unless our numbers actually increase at the next Dinner, Miss Nicholson will feel that her enforced resignation has done an injury to the Reunion—and that would be a very cruel way of rewarding her for her magnificent work. At the Dinner itself Royaumont showed her how greatly she has been appreciated. Miss Nicholson's own message to members will be found at the close of her Dinner Report, as also Salway's London address.

The Royaumont Historical Exhibit

Members are referred to the remarks made by your Editor, in her capacity as Hon. Secretary of this scheme, at the Annual Meeting. As the exhibit is really to be collected next year, we hope that members will make a special effort this year to turn up any souvenirs or historical data they may possess relating to our Unit's organization or actual work in France, and to send particulars of them to Collum, at Well Bottom, Melbury Abbas, Shaftesbury. The objects themselves should not be sent until their despatch to a collection depôt in London is definitely requested.

The Emergency Loan Fund Matinée Scheme

As members will see from the report of the Annual Meeting, the Matinée Scheme has had to be abandoned. Your Editor, who initiated the scheme, and who appealed to you so urgently to put up the money for the initial expenses of organizing a big money-raising scheme, is perhaps the most disappointed Royaumontite of you all at the failure of this money-raising scheme to mature. It is not the fault of members. We were assured of the kindly interest of the Duchess of York, and it is an open secret that had we been able to get under way with our Matinée Scheme six months earlier than we did we might have forestalled the Duchess's inevitable curtailment of her patronage to really big schemes having a wide scope of usefulness. We had London's most successful professional organizer of Matinées ready to help us, and members responded magnificently to the condition she made that the money for preliminary

expenses must be in hand before she could undertake to give up her own time to the scheme on a commission basis. We had a very keen Honorary Secretary of our Matinée Sub-Committee, whose enthusiasm and personal generosity were most stimulating. Our promised organizer, however, from out of her great experience, warned us that a successful Matinée depended, primarily, on exalted patronage. After our initial failure in the highest quarter we could not immediately proffer the same request elsewhere. Another six months were lost. An abortive scheme to share our Matinée with another ex-service organization convinced Miss Bourne that our money-raising effort must be postponed till the season of 1932. This would have given members attending the Annual Meeting and the Dinner an opportunity of reconsidering the whole matter before the money collected in response to your Editor's appeal was returned. Then came the national crisis. Perhaps we should have foreseen it. Anyhow it came, and with it the big money-raising scheme which your Editor literally had had to galvanize into life with her own breath, expired after a short spell of suspended animation. The Editor was unable to attend the sub-committees, but she was in close touch throughout with Miss Bourne, our President, and Smieton, and one suggestion after another was mooted, though none of them was sufficiently promising to be brought officially before the sub-committee. Those who worked for the scheme did their best. Yet your Editor, for one, has a sense of failure. That may be because she herself started the scheme for an Emergency Loan Fund and has been responsible for the appeals made on its behalf. She hoped to have seen it raised to a capital sum of £1,000. In spite of the generosity of donors to the Matinée Expenses Fund, who, as related elsewhere, desired the £115 odd which they had put up to be transferred direct to the Emergency Fund when they heard of the abandonment of the Matinée, the Loan Fund is still nearly £700 short of that £1,000. Please do not let it wilt before the storm of passing adversity. If we cannot make it £1,000, can we not screw it up to half that sum—to £500?

Twenty-five people have enabled over £100 to be added to the Fund. Another £200 would do it. If we cannot give the donations ourselves, let us exercise our ingenuity in devising methods of

“making” or “collecting” the money. It is now a case of all hands to the pump. What the nation is doing to save the £ and balance our budget, on a big scale, let us do on a small scale within the Royaumont Association during the coming year.

The Editorship of the News-Letter

The above appeal is the last one which your Editor will make to you as Editor. For very much the same reasons which have impelled Miss Nicholson to relinquish the Honorary Secretaryship of the Reunion Dinner, I am obliged to give up editing the *News-Letter*. I am now living over a hundred miles from London, which makes it difficult to attend committees. That difficulty might not be insuperable were I entirely mistress of my own time. But I am engaged, professionally, in research work which takes me abroad at irregular intervals, and will increasingly call upon me to undertake journeys at short notice and to be absent from home for periods not always possible to calculate beforehand. There are times when work is so pressing that I cannot possibly attend to voluntary activities. If I arrange to give up a certain time, between two such periods, to the work of bringing out the *News-Letter*, and for one reason or another some delay supervenes, or some matter crops up which necessitates either a journey to London to meet the Committee or a tiresome correspondence with each of the officers in turn, before it can be settled satisfactorily, my pre-arranged moment for doing the work of the *News-Letter* slips by, and I am compelled to put it on one side until another breathing-space arrives. In the present instance I had hoped to bring out the *News-Letter* before Christmas. Instead, I had to seize the opportunity that offered to make some personal investigations in Scottish museums and in the field, which had to be done before the weather made the latter impossible, and before the end of January as regards the former. I then set aside the week following the New Year, knowing that afterwards I should be very busy, and away for a week at least later in January. Such a hitch as I have indicated occurred. The *News-Letter* could not be issued until it was straightened out. In the interests of the *News-Letter*, I should have been free to attend a Committee, but was not. Confusion, which might

have been smoothed out by an Editor not so pressed for time, or by one living nearer London, resulted. Considerable delay has occurred, and the present number is now being brought out in time literally stolen from my professional work. These wearisome details are only given in order that members may understand that I am not relinquishing my task lightly. Were I researching in London, or were I my own mistress in regard to time although living 400 miles distant from London, I could still carry on, but the two conditions together make it impossible.

Therefore I have placed my resignation in the hands of the Committee, and I take this opportunity of making my farewell bow—as Editor. I thank all those—especially the overseas members—who have cheered me by responding to the effort which the *News-Letter* represents to keep old Royaumontites together. It has not been easy to prepare a “news” letter when practically no members have the imagination to realize that I cannot pass on news items which are never sent in to me! There have been a few faithful correspondents, but I have chiefly kept up the flow of items by delving into letters written to other people—to Tollit in particular. This time our Chairman's repeated scoldings seem to have had some effect. My farewell number is, I think you will agree, a bumper one in regard to the “Far and Near” column. If you appreciate it, then keep it up! Smother my successor under a hail of news items. Otherwise she may be too disheartened by the prospect of making journalistic bricks without straw to persevere.

I am not apologizing to you for handing on the torch. On the contrary, I am conscious of becoming “stale,” and I feel sure that a little fresh blood will do the paper a world of good. Several years ago, when I expected to be going abroad, I asked Mackay if she would hold herself ready to step into my editorial shoes if I had to give up the *News-Letter*. Mackay, who would not fail Royaumont for anything, said she would. She is still holding herself ready. And I hope the Committee will invite her to become your new Editor. Mackay possesses that rare gift, a sense of humour. She has a practised pen—and an experienced typewriter! And she was one of the very early folk at Royaumont. From her seat in the Hall she saw

much that many of us missed. From her place in the Bureau she saw even more. And as to the genesis of the S.W.H., was she not in Edinburgh—or in what has now become Edinburgh!—when Dr. Elsie Inglis was travelling with the big Idea that outgrew the Scottish Federation of the N.U.W.S.S. and became, first, national, then empire-wide in its scope? Members of the Royaumont Association, if you value your membership and wish to keep the bond of your common interest alive, rally to the Dinner! But rally, too, to the Association, and support your *News-Letter*! If you let them die, how are you going to continue to discharge your responsibility to your old comrades should they fall on evil days? The willing spirit might be there, but the practical means of lending the helping hand would have ceased to exist.

Thirteenth Annual Dinner

In spite of the supposed unluckiness of the number, this dinner passed through the ordeal without any mishap. It was held on November 28th, 1931, at the Belgravia Hotel. Fifty-five members were present, and the guests were Dr. Margaret Joyce and Dr. Vera Foley, from Liverpool, who once spent a month's "busman's holiday" at Royaumont. Mr. Knowles came again as an ordinary guest, as the Chief said he would be much disappointed if he were not asked.

We had very few speeches this time. Mrs. Knowles made a special reference to Miss Hamilton, to show her how very proud we are of having such a distinguished authoress amongst our members. Dr. Joyce and Dr. Foley were also toasted, and in spite of Dr. Joyce having told me she would only come as a guest on condition she was not asked to make a speech in response to the Médecin Chef, she made one of the best speeches we have had the privilege of hearing at our dinners. She recalled amusing incidents which had occurred during her visit to Royaumont, and especially her arrival with Dr. Foley when they met one of the chauffeuses going to the village for

a coffin and were invited to have a lift with it. Knowing the superstitions of the Chief, they walked to the Hospital.

Those present were: Doctors Estcourt Oswald, Savill, Dobbin, Martland, Miss Hamilton, Miss Loudon, Stables, Anderson (X-ray), Tollit, Young, Tozer, Merrylees, Stewart, Arthur, Middleton, Dart, Kennedy (Mrs. Clements), Banks (Mrs. Simmonds), Macnaughton, Sister Cocking, MacGregor (Mrs. Hallam), Simms, Reeve (Mrs. Loach), Smieton (Mrs. Sanderson), Ashton, Miller, Moffet, Anderson (Big), Thorne (Mrs. Newton), Mrs. Alison, Big Murray, Collum, Sister Whitworth (Mrs. Cadman), Howard Smith, Big Inglis, Miss Gray, Chapman, Berry, Sinclair, Rolt, Mackay, Martin, Cowie, Buckley, Mrs. Large, Little Inglis, and Cresswell.

The following took tickets but were unable to come: Dr. Courtauld (illness), Newton, Woodall and Adrain. Warner sent 7s. 6d. but was unable to be present. Letters of regret at their inability to be at the Dinner were received from Ramsay Smith, Mary Brown, Bibby, Yeats, Prance, Weir, Leishman, Cannon, Wilson, Sister Knight, Sister Flett, Minchin (now Madame Steinmann), Burrard, Paley, Warner, Sister Lewis, Grandage, and Sister Paterson (married and in Canada).

The Robin very kindly provided the cigarettes again, and Kennedy (Mrs. Clements) sent 12s. 6d. towards the Dinner Fund.

The next Dinner will be held on Saturday, November 26th, 1932, and the new Dinner Secretary, Salway (Mrs. MacIntosh), 7 Park Place, London, S.W., will, I am sure, be most grateful if you will all send for your tickets early, and indicate next to whom you want to sit. I am very sorry to have to give up the Dinner Secretaryship, but I am so busy I find it difficult to find time to do the arrangements properly. I think, too, a Secretary living in London—now that Mrs. Knowles is in Town—would be more useful. I resigned at the Annual Meeting before the Dinner, and Salway very kindly volunteered to take my place.

I am glad to report that after settling up the accounts there is £11 1s. 9d. in the Dinner Fund. With the permission of the Association, I am sending £10 to Tozer for the Emergency Loan Fund, and £1 1s. 9d. to Salway. All that remains is to

thank you all very much for your support in the past and to ask you to continue to give Salway the same loyal backing.

RUTH NICHOLSON.

45 Rodney Street, Liverpool.
January 17th, 1932.

Ninth Annual General Meeting

The Ninth Annual General Meeting of the Royaumont and Villers Cotterets Association of the Scottish Women's Hospitals was held at the Hotel Belgravia, London, on November 28th, 1931, at 6.30 p.m. Inglis was in the Chair, and those present were: Banks (Mrs. Simmonds), Berry, Collum (Hon. Editor, *News-Letter*), Miss Gray (Hon. Secretary, Scottish Group), V. Inglis, Jamieson, Mackay, Big Murray, Moffet, Miss Nicholson (Vice-President, and Hon. Secretary Royaumont Dinner), Salway, Smieton (Mrs. Sanderson) (Hon. Secretary), Tollit (Hon. Treasurer), and P. Williams.

The Minutes of the last meeting having been read and signed as correct, the Hon. Treasurer presented the Financial Report, which was duly passed. It showed a satisfactory balance of £39 15s. 0½d.

The existing Committee was re-elected *en bloc*.

The Chairman again asked for more support from members for the *News-Letter*, without which the Editor could not carry on. Members, she said, especially those living overseas, expressed themselves as appreciative of the *News-Letter*, but something more than an expression of gratitude was needed. The Editor must be supplied with news, or the "news" letter could not be put together. The Editor had received practically no items of news at first hand during the past year.

A motion was put to the meeting, and carried, that, with the object of keeping members more closely in touch, small informal reunions should be arranged from time to time in London.

Reporting on the progress of the scheme to organize a Royaumont exhibit for the Wellcome Historical Medical Museum, the Hon. Secretary of the Museum Exhibit Sub-Committee (Collum) informed the meeting that she had received some

promises of exhibits but that nothing had been done in regard to the proposed tableau of the Cloisters, as the Museum was preparing to move into new quarters, and it would be far better to wait until such a scene could be staged in the permanent building, than that it should be arranged with great trouble and then have to be dismantled again. Members, however, must not think that the inevitable delay meant that the scheme was being shelved. Some of them might have seen the report in the *Times*, two days earlier, of the laying of the corner-stone of the new buildings for the Wellcome Research Institution by Lord Moynihan. This building, already more than half way to completion, would occupy a very large frontage in Euston Road just north of University College, and would house the Wellcome Museum of Medical Science, the Wellcome Bureau of Scientific Research, and the Wellcome Historical Medical Museum, which would occupy three floors of the new building immediately above the ground floor, and would be transferred in 1932 from its present site in Wigmore Street. She hoped that in 1932 members would really get down to the business of collecting suitable souvenirs, as she hoped that in 1933 the Royaumont exhibit would be ready to be staged in the new building. She would ask members not to send the objects till requested, but to send her promises of gifts.

The Chairman announced that the Matinée Scheme (agreed to by a post card note of sixty "ayes" to twelve "noes") in response to the Appeal in the last *News-Letter* had definitely fallen through. The Duchess of York had been obliged to curtail her activities owing to the increasing calls on her time, and The Lady Helen Graham had expressed to the President her regret that, deeply as the Duchess was interested in the Scottish Women's Hospital, the organization proposing to arrange the matinée and the object in aid of which it was to be held, were too small in scope to justify the Duchess of York in granting the Association's request that she should be present as Patroness. This disappointment had necessitated a postponement of the suggested date from the autumn to the 1932 season, when Miss Bourne, who had undertaken to organize the matinée if a Guarantee Fund of £125 were first raised and provided that Royalty could

be persuaded to patronize it—a *sine qua non* of success financially—had had to report that she was unable to launch any Matinée Scheme for the present. The matter was to have been held in abeyance until the Annual Meeting could discuss it, when the country had found itself plunged into the present financial crisis. It was then felt that the scheme must be definitely abandoned, and that any guarantees advanced must be returned to the guarantors. Many members, however, had sent, not guarantees but donations outright, in order that the preliminary fund, which the Organizer had demanded might be placed in her hands unconditionally—the "Guarantee" Fund, in fact, had been generously raised by members in the form of donations. All such donors had been asked whether they wished their donations to be returned to them now that the matinée was abandoned, or would prefer them to be transferred direct to the Emergency Loan Fund. Tozer, the Hon. Treasurer of the Emergency Loan Fund, then announced that, as this matter was still pending, she had not yet prepared the Emergency Loan Fund Statement of Accounts for the year ending December 1st, but that she hoped to meet the Hon. Secretary of the Matinée Sub-Committee during the coming week and to find out the exact position, after which she

would send the Statement to the Editor of the *News-Letter* for publication to members in the forthcoming issue.

After some discussion it was agreed, by a majority vote, to hold the next Annual General Meeting (on November 26th, 1932) at the Hotel Belgravia just before the Dinner, namely at 7 p.m. The discussion turned on whether the bad attendance at the Annual Meetings, since they were no longer held in the morning, was due to their being held too late or too early in the evening. A minority, including the Chairman, the Hon. Secretary, and the Hon. Editor, considered that the bad attendance was due to the meeting being held in the evening at all.

Great regret was expressed by those present when Miss Nicholson, the Hon. Secretary of the Dinner, rose to announce that she could not carry on the duties of Dinner Secretary any longer owing to increasing pressure on her time. The Chairman, on behalf of all present, thanked her for her hard work for the past thirteen years and voiced the consternation felt at this unexpected news. Salway immediately rose and volunteered to step into the breach, and the meeting accepted her offer with gratitude and relief. This concluded the business of the meeting, which was then declared closed.

Honorary Treasurer's Report

Royaumont Association: Balance Sheet, 1931

Receipts		Payments	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Balance brought forward 47 2 3½	Rent of H.Q. 1 5 0
Subscriptions and Donations 35 11 1	<i>News-Letter</i> 17 18 0
Interest on P. O. a/c. 0 16 6	Stamps and Stationery 0 18 4
		Poppy Wreath, Royaumont, St. Andrew's	
		Day 1 0 0
		Balance in hand 62 8 6½
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	£83 9 10½		£83 9 10½

Membership

As £22 13s. 6d. of the balance shown is on account of advance subscriptions, the actual balance in hand for 1931 is £39 15s. 0½d.

We have two new members: Marjory Moore and Dr. Barbara Richardson. The total membership is now 168. Of these, 29 have not paid their 1931 subscription, in spite of reminder postcards sent out in May.

(Signed) F. M. TOLLIT,
Honorary Treasurer.

November 27th, 1931.

Matinée Appeal: Guarantees and Donations

The Hon. Secretary, Smieton, supplies the following figures for publication:—

	£	s.	d.
Guarantees sent in in advance of a general call	17	0 0
Donations towards the initial cost of organising a matinée in aid of the Emergency Loan Fund	115	4 0
Guarantees, unused, returned to guarantors	17	0 0

The whole of this sum of £115 4s. 0d. has been transferred to the Emergency Loan Fund, in response to the individual wishes of the twenty-five donors. A statement of accounts of all moneys subscribed or actually forwarded as guarantees to the Hon. Secretary Matinée Sub-Committee, and held, pending the definite appointment of an Organizer, by the Hon. Treasurer of the Emergency Loan Fund, has been drawn up by the Hon. Secretary, Royaumont Association, and forwarded to subscribers. The Honorary Secretary and the Hon. Secretary of the Sub-Committee would like to express, on behalf of the Association, deep gratitude to those who, on the abandonment of the money-raising scheme—whose initial expenses they so generously provided for—have given the money to the Emergency Loan Fund instead. As

members will see from the Statement of Accounts presented to them by the Hon. Treasurer, Emergency Loan Fund, set out below, the Loan Fund, which stood at £156 7s. 1d. at the end of the preceding twelve months, stood on December 8th, 1931, at £294 17s. 4d.

Subscriptions and Correspondence

Mrs. Ivens-Knowles has moved from Harley Street to 65 Wimpole Street, London, W.1, and continues to allow the Association to use her address as its headquarters. Letters sent to the Association for members must be addressed "Royaumont Association, c/o Mrs. Ivens-Knowles, C.B.E., M.S. (Lond.)." In order to give our President as little trouble as possible, the Hon. Treasurer suggests that subscriptions should be sent direct to her private address. Will members please send their subscriptions, therefore, to Miss F. M. Tollit, 12 Woodchurch Road, Hampstead, N.W.6. Pending the appointment of a new Editor, letters intended for the *News-Letter* should be addressed: The Editor, *Royaumont News-Letter*, Well Bottom, Melbury Abbas, Shaftesbury, Dorset. Collum will forward them to whoever is appointed to take her place.

Emergency Loan Fund: Statement of Accounts for Year Ending December 8th, 1931

Receipts		Payments	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
To Balance at Bank and in Hand on Dec. 1st, 1930 156 7 1	Gift to Dying Member, in Dec., 1930 10 0 0
Bank Interest 6 11 0	Collection Fees on Scottish and Irish cheques 0 1 3
Donations and Subscriptions 26 16 6	Balance at Bank 294 17 4
Donations transferred from Matinée Appeal at the request of 25 Donors, as per Matinée Appeal Statement of Accounts forwarded in detail to Subscribers and summarised in <i>News-Letter</i> for February, 1932 115 4 0		
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	£304 18 7		£304 18 7

Examined and found correct.

E. MARGARET TOZER,
Honorary Treasurer,
Emergency Loan Fund.

London, February 13th, 1932.

Emergency Loan Fund Donations, 1931.

	£	s.	d.
Grandage	1	1	0
Dr. Stein	1	0	0
Mrs. MacIntosh	10	0	0
Leishman	1	0	6
Mrs. Hilary Blood	1	1	0
Proctor	2	2	0
Dr. Richardson	1	0	0
Leng	15	0	
Taylor	1	11	6
Mrs. Breakey	1	0	0
Prance	7	6	
Sister MacKnight	2	6	
Mrs. Clements	1	5	0
Inglis	5	0	
Tollit	1	1	0
Dr. Buckley	10	0	
Cowie	1	0	0
Tozer (20% on sales of homespun tweed to Miss Nicholson and E. Arthur)	1	13	0
Cash	1	6	
	£26	16	6

Our President's Message to Members

65 WIMPOLE STREET,
LONDON, W.1.
January 20th, 1932.

Dear Unit,

I am reminded by our indefatigable Editor that the very last moment has arrived for my message to you, and although it is rather late, I shall take the opportunity of wishing you a very happy New Year. We have all been passing through an anxious time, but now there does seem to be an indefinable atmosphere of rather subdued hope and confidence. Anyway, we can all be very proud of the wonderful spirit which has been shown by the British nation, just as it was in the dark hours of the war.

It was sad to hear that Sister O'Rorke had passed away at Territet shortly after the Dinner, but she received the message that we sent her then. She did splendid work at Royaumont, and it was gratifying to those of us who knew her well to read the very fine obituary notice in the *Times*.

We were delighted to welcome to our new house about fifty members for the Reunion Tea, but I hope that the next time more Cubs will turn up (weather permitting). The foggy afternoon was rather against them.

I hope, too, that if any of the Unit find themselves in Cornwall they will not fail to look us up. Killagorden (Tel.: Truro 355) is only a short mile from Truro. We are usually there at holiday

times, and we shall be very glad to give them a welcome.

Yours affectionately,

FRANCES IVENS-KNOWLES.

Members' Greetings

Mrs. Knowles forwarded to the Editor, on St. Andrew's Day, some telegrams received by her at the Dinner, conveying greetings from absent members. Leng sent best wishes. Miss Ross wired: "Wish I could be with you to-night! Financial crisis, as usual! Greetings." Sister Bedwell sent "love to all." Newton wired: "Best wishes for a real Royaumont Evening. Very sorry cannot be with you." In her covering letter, our Chief said: "I was delighted to see so many yesterday, and think it was noble of them to turn up in spite of the weather. I have written to Mammie and Sister O'Rorke, Prance, Westcombe, and Miss MacDonald. I thought it was a most pleasant dinner, and Cicely Hamilton was very pleased to have a special toast." (Prance was one of those who had suggested cancelling the Dinner but sending the price of the tickets to our Emergency Loan Fund.)

Cubs' Album

The Editor has to thank Alison Anderson (Mrs. Blood) and Goss (Mrs. Harpur) for the photographs of Tony Blood and Doreen Mary Harpur, aged six, sent to her during 1931; and also Sister Whitworth (Mrs. Cadman) for new photographs of Grey and Martin, and of Evelyn and Jane; Westcombe (Mrs. Wright) for a photograph of Joseph, aged eleven, Albinia Jane, aged nine, and "Bumble Puppy" (the dog), aged two; Raymond (Mrs. Lloyd) for a snapshot of Rodney, aged eight, and Veronica, aged six (and we would like to have one of Hester as well, please), which were placed in the envelope attached to the Album for new contributions, at the Dinner. And would the mother of "Dorothea," aged seven (1930), please write and tell us whose daughter Dorothea is? Her photograph was found in the Album.

The original Album is nearly full, and is gradually coming to pieces as the result of much handling at a succession of Reunions. If members care to send Collum contributions towards the price of a new one, she will get a strong one and transfer the Cubs' photographs to it ready for our next Dinner. After that, she thinks, perhaps it should be kept at Headquarters.

From Far and Near

Alison Anderson (Mrs. Blood), writing early in 1931, says her husband "was appointed Colonial Secretary of Grenada in the British Windward Isles early last year. I followed in September with Tony. When the Governor of the three Windward Islands goes away from his headquarters in Grenada to the other islands H. automatically ceases to be Colonial Secretary and becomes Administrator. It is a jolly little island, but very small—only twenty-one miles long and twelve broad—and is mercifully out of the line of American tourists and really unspoilt. Our local inhabitants are West Indian Negroes; quite pleasant people if you take them the right way, but 'unco thravn' if you don't. We are all very fit, including Tony, of whom I send the latest snapshot for the Pups' (Oh! Alison, what, then, do you call Old Royaumontites?) Album. We have just been entertaining two ships of the Atlantic Fleet for eight days—a strenuous time for me, as the Governor is away at present and we are at Government House. It's all right when you really are a Governor and have an A.D.C. and an adequate staff to cope with the innumerable festivities, official and unofficial, but in this instance we have to keep up the style of a Governor without a Governor's resources! I hope to get home for a month or two next year to see wee Alison, who is at school in Bristol." (The Editor had the pleasure of driving "wee Alison"—a most self-possessed little lady—from her godmother's house near Alton, in the Summer holidays, to catch an express at Salisbury for her aunt's home in Bude. There she was taken charge of by the guard and travelled in state in his van with another small girl. No such thrills fell to the lot of the Editor when she was a small girl. We always had to travel decorously in an ordinary carriage.)

Big Andy left Ceylon, where she was doing maternity nursing, soon after her sister, and is at present making her home with an uncle at Milliken Park, just outside Glasgow, but has not been able to leave him to go to any of the Scottish informal reunions which have been so successfully organised in Glasgow and elsewhere. She did, however, manage to get away for a week-end to come to the Royaumont dinner.

It was very nice, too, to welcome Little Andy, or "X-Ray" Andy (Mrs. Longridge), at our 13th dinner—the first she has been able to attend, as she has passed most of her married life, so far, in the East. She is living at present in London.

Ashton has given up her post in the South of France, we learn from a correspondent, and is thinking of starting a teashop somewhere in the neighbourhood of Guildford. (This news, however, is eleven months old!)

Barclay (Mrs. Golding), writing to Merrylees from Beira, in Portuguese East Africa just before Christmas, says: "We are all very fit here in spite of the heat. It is lucky that T. and I love heat! But it is at times even too much for us! You will be thrilled to hear the Herzogin Cecilie is in port. I believe she is one of the largest sailing vessels afloat. I have been aboard her a good deal. I can't describe to you how lovely she

looked coming in, for she sailed right into port." She went on to say that she was to be in Rhodesia for two or three months at the beginning of this year. "Elizabeth," she says, "is huge" and "has lost all her baby ways, but is growing into a very amusing and companionable infant." She relates how her brother "met the present proprietor of Royaumont in Paris." He appears to be an Austrian citizen of the name of Max Spring-Fould. In a later letter she says that she hears from time to time of Morgan—"and I think she is making a name for herself out here. T. and I were up in Rhodesia a week or two ago and I saw Mrs. Dell (Sister Quickhampton) for a few minutes." (Will not Sister Quickhampton join us?)

Bruce writes to Tollit that she has "a house of my own in Iona now called 'Grianan' = the sunny place. My renting of a house for four years there was such a success that I decided I must have one of my own—so if any Royaumontites are visiting the island I hope they will come to see me."

Cameron (Mrs. Walford) wrote to the Editor eight months ago that she was "looking out for someone to help me with my little daughter either permanently or just for the duration of my husband's leave (June to November), and I wondered if by any chance you knew of any Royaumontite who would be pleased to have such a post." She went on to say that as her husband's business is in India she was unable to afford a high salary, "but to a child-lover the work would not be hard, as I do such lots for Baby myself"; on account of poor health, however, she cannot manage without help. She goes on: "If anyone wanted to know anything about me—I was such a late-comer at Royaumont!—I am sure Chapman or Young would tell them!" (We cannot say, of course, whether Cameron has found a helper since she wrote.) She continued: "I heard from Main yesterday. She is still in Singapore and likes it there very much. She asked particularly about Disorderly and wanted to know if she was at the last Dinner. She has been deep-sea fishing and caught the most amazing coloured fish."

Churchill (Mrs. Latham), writing to the Editor early last year, says she sympathises with the Editor in her grouses: "We are a slack lot, and I, for one, will try and reform!" She also says: "What I feel about the Emergency Loan Fund is that it ought to be kept in England and for the benefit of English or Scottish [where do the Irish come in?] people. When we are all dead there will be heaps of cubs coming on who would probably be only too thankful for a small grant." Churchill was assuming that the Matinée would be held and that the £1,000 capital fund would be raised, and that the suggestion of the founder of the Fund that it should revert, once all old Royaumontites were dead and gone, to a Royaumont Memorial in the shape of a Loan Scholarship, to be granted every three years to some French girl in the neighbourhood of the Abbaye wishing to train as a nurse. The disposal of the capital fund in the form of a scholarship can hardly now arise, since the scheme to raise a capital endowment failed.

Collum had the opportunity, immediately after the Dinner, of driving north to Scotland, taking **Big Andy** as passenger and relief pilot—a job that turned out to be no sinecure, since fog was run into five hours out of London, and York was not reached till 9 p.m. For hours the road was intermittently invisible, and the relief driver had to drive blind whilst the owner of the car leant out of the near door trying to find the edge of the roadway with a spot-light, and directing the driver accordingly. Fog persisted all the following day, and Collum was unfortunate enough to run into fog again on her way south, from Manchester all the way to London, a few days before Christmas. She stayed in Edinburgh with **Disorderly**, but, owing to uncertainty about her movements, no Royaumont gathering could be organised. **Berry** was in the South, but she spent an afternoon with **Mackay**, who drove her back to Edinburgh in a very smart little car. Whilst working at the museums in Glasgow, she saw more of **Big Andy**, and had supper with **Miller**. The weather had been bleak and cold in the capital and stormy and wet in Glasgow, but directly she crossed the Clyde she got into mild, open weather that became warmer as she got further north. The Pass of Drumochter and the glen leading to it was a wonderful experience. The road is so gently graded that one never has to change from top gear even in a Morris-Cowley 11.9, and on that occasion, at all events, there was not another soul on the road. There was no sun, but the atmosphere had that washed clarity that renders the colours of the hills in all their startling beauty. There was a high wind that was weirdly silent where the glen was open, and then roared like a troop of angry demons when the hills closed in and echoed it back. The solitary road-farer was awed and almost frightened by the experience. Down on the other side she was in a new world. It seemed to her that the broad straths and snow-tipped mountains, and the sheltered shores of the Moray Firth, still held something of that aspect of a promised land which the district must have seemed to the settlers whose traces she had gone to Inverness-shire to recover: those sea-traders whose memorials are their megalithic burial places, and whose pagan faith was symbolised by that strange Scottish adaptation of an Asiatic emblem, the "spectacle and zig-zag sceptre" sign. She stayed with **Miss Ross** in a house which has one of the widest views over Strathspey and its guardian mountains that can be imagined, and who acted as guide to cairns and circles, hilltop camps and lake crannogs—and finally to that terribly sad moor-side of Culloden: it reminded the visitor of another grave of Gaelic hopes of independence set in the floor of a church in Rome; but these clan tumps of bare turf with their rough stones, on native soil, are infinitely more glorious than the elaborately tessellated arms of Ulster's champion—who died an exile. And yet!—when your Editor revisited the English Lakeland on her way south, walking along the new Trust property, by the side of Derwentwater, on a still December afternoon in which these exquisitely-shaped miniature mountains were reflected in the water in blues and browns and grey and gold that she has only seen matched in Japanese autumn colouring, she had to acknowledge that

nowhere in Inverness-shire or in Aberdeenshire, or on the road thither, had she seen anything half so lovely. Most of the hotels appeared to be closed for the winter, in Scotland, and the English Lakes were not expecting visitors. They were all staying at home—in the frost and smoke fogs of the South!

A pathetic letter to Merrylees from **Daviaud** has been sent to the Editor. "Quand vous avez l'occasion de rencontrer quelques unes de vos si charmantes collègues de l'hôpital de Royaumont, et si elles ne m'ont jamais oublié, voulez-vous me rappeler à leur bon souvenir, et leur dire qu'après m'avoir longtemps gâté par leurs cartes de Christmas, elles ont maintenant désappris cette gentille coutume qui m'était cependant bien chère. Vous, l'avouerez-je, vous êtes depuis deux ou trois ans, la seule qui pensiez véritablement et le prouvez, à celui qui fût également votre collaborateur dans les tristes moments de l'abominable guerre. Je vous vis souvent en pensée, toutes si alertes, si dévouées, prodiguant vos soins à ceux qui ont tant souffert ou sont morts pour nous défendre. Oui, vous avez mérité et mériterez toujours notre reconnaissance, vous qui rien, si ce n'est votre cœur et votre grand désir d'être utiles, vous qui rien dis-je ne vous forçait à vous expatrier pour assumer une tâche terrible, bien noble il est vrai. Puisse une autre guerre qui serait le comble de l'atrocité ne plus survenir jamais. Puissent les peuples de quelque race qu'ils soient, être assez humains, assez intelligents pour tout faire, même des sacrifices de dignité afin d'éviter les renouvellement de ces inutiles tueries, de ces abominables souffrances qui ne prouvent rien et ne peuvent apporter de bonheur à aucuns. L'existence que nous subissons depuis 1918 confirme pleinement ce qui précède; que serait-ce si une catastrophe semblable s'abattait à nouveau sur le monde. . . ."

"Chère Miss, je vous le répète, si vous voyez toujours vos anciennes collègues de Royaumont, dites-leurs qu'il existe toujours à Viarmes un humain qui n'a jamais oublié les petites dames écossaises!" He has a son of twenty-one who is undergoing a course of drawing and engraving at the École des Beaux Arts in Paris, and he himself is now sixty-three. But he does not perceive, with his perfectly sincere desire for "universal peace and brotherhood," that the misuse of gold and the exacting of one's due pound of flesh from a vanquished enemy, that has but grown the stronger for its humiliation and consequent determination to make good at all costs, is precisely what is most likely to precipitate a new regrouping of the leaders of civilisation entailing disaster and distress for those who ape Midas and Shylock. Royaumontites, at all events, know that their old friends in France are sincere. But where, alas! has fled the once penetrating *intelligence* of France? If Royaumontites can help to a better understanding of the French attitude—the attitude of an invaded peasantry that has never understood the uses of banking, credit, or gold—and can use their own small influence with such French friends to urge wiser counsels, they will have done more for civilisation than anything they ever did at Royaumont. The difficulty with our individual selves, as with nations, is to resist the tendency to

pendulum swings—as from partisanship with France and lack of sympathy with Germany to partisanship with Germany and lack of sympathy with France.

Mrs. Knowles sends the Editor a letter—a year old—from **Daunt**, written from Leningrad, U.S.S.R. "I am running the Distressed British Subjects' Relief in Russia, and am most fearfully busy as I am the whole outfit all by myself. The Russian Government have been extraordinarily kind and helpful in keeping me from the many pitfalls into which the unwary foreigner is likely to stumble. They have tried to help in every way and have shown more patience than I should have been capable of producing under the same circumstances. Life is very difficult for everyone. I must be the last of your flock still wandering around Europe in uniform. This one is a most unbecoming dark grey with blue collar—and I am constantly being asked if I am the Salvation Army. I hope to get home for a rest in June, as I am very tired—having not yet succeeded in finding a bed, and I have been sleeping on a sofa covered by my top coat since November, and have had pneumonia and 'flu' twice. But I am better again, and have got used to the new conditions and lack of ordinary food, etc. We are all rationed, and I expect really it is more healthy to eat less than one is accustomed to do. We have tea and bread in the morning and soup and some mixture of a little meat and much rice or macaroni in the evening, and that is all. At first I was always hungry, but now I find it sufficient. My flock are scattered over Russia. I go to Moscow fairly often—since there are several there. I have many here—so I stay in Leningrad most of the time. There are some in Vladivostock, Odessa and in the Volga districts, and every post brings in a new name. I buy food here—by permission of the Russian Government at export price, and send out parcels to all D.B.S. It is a most harassing business as prices won't stay at the same figure and there is a total lack of transport—and the wretched parcels of food products are all knobbly and have to be induced to become square and proper to go by post. I enjoy the work and am most attached to my lambs, but the climate is so unhealthy that one wrestles with feeling ill most of the time." She duly came home for a rest and to help her Chief, Lady Muriel Paget, organise a new scheme for financing the food parcels, but had to go back before the Dinner. **Rolt** saw a good deal of her and gave us her news at Mrs. Ivens-Knowles' Sunday tea-party the day following the Reunion. **Rolt** says of her in a letter to the Editor: "She is intensely interested in her work, and I gathered from some of the relations of her protégés over there how tremendously she is appreciated. She was most awfully disappointed not to be able to put off her departure for ten days in order to come to the Dinner, but she sent her love to you all and hopes to be able to arrange things better next year. I am hoping to go out and stay with her in August, when the house that is being built as a headquarters for her work will be ready." As old Royaumontites can imagine, **Daunt** takes great kindness and a sense of humour to her work and wisely makes the best of everything. So doing she helps her

"lambs" best, whom she is engaged, in **Rolt's** words, in "housing, feeding, clothing, cheering, admonishing, nursing, and even burying (when required)." Some may wonder why the distressed British subjects are not repatriated. They have no ties—except their nationality—with the "Old Country." Some have spent their lives in Russia, others are the children of those whose interests and life work centred in Russia. They dread being uprooted, and all that England could offer to most of them is the Old Age pension, or relief, with the loss of all their friends. It is an old truism that those who voluntarily become aliens generally die aliens, whilst those who become colonists enlarge the borders of their *patrie*.

Mrs. Knowles sends us a letter received at Christmas from **Monsieur Delacoste**. "Nous avons reçu et mis en bonne place la couronne du souvenir des Dames de Royaumont. La couronne de l'année dernière était encore intacte—nous les avons mises pieusement sous verre—et le Monument porte maintenant 2 souvenirs. Nos cœurs s'émeuvent toujours en passant devant ce Monument—qui rappelle tant de bonté, tant de générosité. Mon souvenir s'est reporté fin Novembre—et 6 Décembre—aux jours si pleinement vécus de Liverpool, et de Londres—1927. Je relis souvent le toast de **Miss Cecil Hamilton**, qui m'avait profondément ému. Je le suis encore à l'évocation. Je le suis toujours quand je pense à **Miss Ivens**—à ses collaboratrices, et à tout le bien, physique et moral, que vous avez fait." The chaplet, as usual, was of laurel wreaths and Haig Poppies, with a bunch of "Rosemary for Remembrance" of a less tragic sort. It is made by a florist in Chelsea who, every year, gives her own services, and any profits gained on poppy wreaths, to Haig's Fund, through the Chelsea Branch of the British Legion, to which your Chairman, your Editor, and Miss Hamilton belong.

Don, writing to **Tollit** early last year, says: "Had the Matinée scheme been a variety show instead of a play, I would offer my services to sing Scottish or Hebridean songs in costume, as I had rather a success with them in America and New Zealand last year. I had a great time and was away for ten months and went right round the world." Perhaps the Emergency Loan Fund may still need her help when times are normal again and money is less tight.

Dunn, writing to **Tollit** last May from Glasgow, tells how **Miller** looked her up "and gave such a lot of Royaumont chit chat," and how, not having seen her since October, 1915, she does not mean to "lose sight of her now." Like so many others unable to attend the 1930 Dinner, she regrets very much not having seen **Michelet**.

Sister Everingham, writing to **Tollit** last Spring from Bournemouth, on a maternity case, says: "I am still at the same permanent address—Victoria Nurses' Hostel, 5 Beechey Road, Bournemouth—but I hope to go to Bermuda the end of this year for the season, and nurse there. Then, in May (May, 1932) cross over to

Canada and stay with my married sister in Kitchener, Ontario, for three months."

Figgis, writing to our Hon. Treasurer last Summer, from Victoria, Australia, says: "I am sending my subscription for two years, as with great luck I secured a 10s. English note. The exchange is greatly against us, £100 Australian being worth only £70 English, and this year it is very difficult to send as every obstacle is put in one's way. The *News-Letter* always reaches me safely and is full of interest. It seems a pity some of the members drop out of the Association, as time will gradually diminish the numbers and there is no means of fresh supply to any of the old war-time associations. I often wonder where **Glossop** is? She was leaving New Zealand when last she wrote and was hopeful of being able to remain in England." After expressing some political wishes, which have since been realised, she goes on: "This has been an exceptionally wet winter and in the country many of the villages were inundated. I do hope Great Britain will get through her difficulties soon. Things have been so against her of late, and she the only one paying her war debts in full. I hope better times are ahead for everyone. **MacKendrick**, a member of **Dr. Emslie's** Vranje Unit, was out in Australia in February (1931), but could only stay a fortnight."

Fulton (Mrs. Loring) wrote to the Editor a year ago to enclose a cutting, headed "'France Angel' Will be Bride of Artist Hall," and sub-headed "Mrs. Kathleen Burke MacLean, Famed for World War Work, to Marry Santa Barbara Man." The notice reads: "Mrs. Kathleen Burke MacLean, who twelve years ago was known along the war torn fronts of Europe as 'The Angel of France,' and Girard Van Barkalog Hale (*sic*), Santa Barbara, Cal., artist, filed notice to-day of intention to marry. For the British war nurse it was a new romance to bury the sorrows that have entered her life in the short span of years since her heroic work among the wounded of the World War gained her lasting fame and decorations by many governments. Twice before death has ended matrimony for her. In 1927 Frederick Peabody, whom she married in 1920, died at Santa Barbara. Two years later, March 3, 1929, she married Col. John McLean, mining engineer. Nine days later, while returning to Santa Barbara from a honeymoon by automobile and planning to depart on a voyage to France, their car collided with another. Col. McLean died the next day from his injuries. Mrs. McLean was hurt slightly, but recovered." We would acknowledge our source if the newspaper cutting had not lost its title and date; the A. P. telegram was from Los Angeles. Fulton at the time was in California, and loving it. She did not get any *News-Letter* at Christmas, 1930, and remarks: "I do miss them; it is so nice to hear what everyone is doing. I hope business conditions are going to buck up soon; they are bad over here, but nothing like England. I simply dread to get news from New Zealand after this terrible earthquake; I have so many friends and relations in that section. I have not got a single thing about the S.W.H. war record. I don't suppose there is a possible

chance of my being able to buy one of those that came out? I don't remember the name." Then, in September, Fulton lost her husband. Members will be feeling for her, hoping that she did not lose relatives or friends in the earthquake, and that time will heal. Tollit informs us that she wrote of her loss from Stockton, California, where she was to spend this winter, and was looking forward to the *News-Letter*.

Grandage, we learn from Miss Nicholson, is at present in Australia with **Williams** (Lady Smyth). We hope there will be news from them for next winter's *News-Letter*.

Goss (Mrs. Harpur), in a letter to the Treasurer of May last, writes: "I am leading a very busy and happy life with my husband and a very merry little cub aged seven. She is full of mischief and fun, and I am thankful to say not a scrap spoilt. I should rather like to have another little girl as paying guest, of her age, to educate with her, so if any old Royaumontite knows of parents living abroad who want a home, perhaps they would kindly write for full particulars. I hope I have got a new member for you—**Dr. Richardson**, who was at Royaumont for the last six months. I met her quite by accident at an Infant Welfare party in a little village where my husband happens to be M.O.H. Dr. Richardson has an appointment under the Staffordshire Education Committee and has promised to join our Association." (See result under "R"!) Goss continues: "I often hear from **Willmot**, now Mrs. Smith, who is living in Ceylon and has two little boys. She loves the life out there. "Doreen Mary," the little cub wanting a playmate, had her photo exhibited in the Cubs' Album at the last Dinner. She is a dear wee mite. Mrs. Harpur's address is "Holmcroft," Alsager.

In March of last year the Editor was delighted to get into touch once again with **Edith Harley**, who wrote, on speculation, to her old Chelsea address, whence the letter was sent on by the P.O. to Dorset. She said: "After some years of theatrical work I am now running a small country hotel—The Kent Arms Hotel, Lindfield—in Sussex with my brother and his wife. We've been here two years and like the place very much. We've got rather a jolly garden." Lindfield is a charming village not far from Haywards Heath, and the Kent Arms is an A.A. appointed hotel—Tel. Lindfield 9, Licensee J. E. F. Harley. Members who drive, please note! Edith Harley's elder sister is "Home Sister" at St. Thomas's, in charge of the Nightingale Home, where the pros. live. **Middleton**, who has a Baby Austin, is an Almoner at St. Thomas's. Could not something be done about it?

Jamieson has moved to 6 Strathview Gardens, Bearsden, Dumbartonshire, and, with Miller, is active in promoting informal reunions among members living in and near Glasgow. (See "Stop Press.")

Kennedy (Mrs. Clements), writing to the Editor just a year ago on board a boat of the Dollar Steamship Line bound for England, feared she would not get home in time for our Matinée! "In 1929 I sent £5 to the Matinée Fund, but I expect that money has since been

given directly to the Emergency Loan Fund. If not, I shall be glad if you can use it for the guarantee fund. We are returning to England to send our daughter to school in Hampshire." In a later letter—last August—to our Hon. Secretary, she kindly sent £1 to pay for her next *News-Letter*! She then gave as a safe address Cumner Hall, Ayr. The little girl has gone to school near Bournemouth. "We had," she goes on, "a lovely trip round the world before coming home," but she did not know then where they would be spending this winter. She was at the Dinner.

Leishman is another of the Glasgow group of old R.'s, and has been keeping in touch with "**Betty**" and **Miller**.

Leng wrote to Tollit last June that she had "just got back from a winter in South Africa." She is one of the Edinburgh group, which is now being as active in meeting together as the Glasgow people.

Sister Lewis, we learn from the late Dinner Secretary, is now abroad. We hope she will send us news of her travels.

Those who remember **M. MacDonald**—who was an orderly from February to October, 1915—will be sorry to hear that she died in December, 1930. Her sister, Miss Caroline Macdonald, wrote to Mrs. Knowles as follows: "I thank you from my heart for writing me such a kind letter when you heard of my dear sister's death. She had a sad end to her active life; for about eight years she suffered from an incurable nervous disease, and, for almost four years, I required to have a trained nurse for her. She had become so helpless that I was unable to manage alone, for I was older than she was." She died rather suddenly of pneumonia, and her sister is now very lonely. Mrs. Knowles forwarded this letter to the Editor just after she had been staying for three days quite near Kilmacollm in Renfrewshire last December. If any of the Glasgow Royaumontites who were out in '15 find themselves in that direction, Miss Macdonald lives at a house called "Mayora," in Kilmacollm.

Betty Macpherson (Mrs. Bruce) is to be found at the Lady Artists' Club in Glasgow, and was having a reunion at her studio last month.

Martin, when she wrote to Tollit last, had been travelling the world for the last eight months. She says: "I saw some Royaumontites *en route*—**Wee Free** in the Gambia, and **Summerhayes** on the Gold Coast, but they don't seem to people West Africa very thickly—and I didn't find any in the West Indies." She is now back at Westfield College.

Miller sends a full account of one of the successful Scottish Reunions to the Editor. "Neither at the Dinner nor when you were in Glasgow had I time to tell you how very active the Scottish Royaumontites have been this winter. The first reunion of a few of us was at **Miss Winstanley's** invitation in Dundee. **Wilson** and **Moffat**, **Sister Lindsay**, **Buick**, and myself were the guests. **Disorderly** was to have been there,

too, but was unable to come at the last moment. I hadn't seen Sister Lindsay since Royaumont days. She is looking very well and was quite the most amusing member of the party! Miss Winstanley gave us a lovely dinner, and our tongues wagged as energetically as they do at the Belgravia. We had a delightful evening and were all very grateful to Matron for bringing us together. Then "**Jimmie**," who has come to live near Glasgow, invited **Betty Macpherson** (Mrs. Bruce), **Leishman**, **MacColl** (Mrs. Davidson), and myself to a regal supper one Sunday evening. Jimmie's culinary powers have not passed their zenith, Royaumontites will be glad to hear. We had a great evening, MacColl, this time, being the chief entertainer and holding the field with a rich fund of amusing Royaumont tales chiefly concerned with the Lab. MacColl is now married to a doctor, and may be of some use to him when it comes to finding out a 'bug.' [We are sorry that is her only prospect of being useful as a wife!] The next reunion was at MacColl's. Her home is in the picturesque little town of Alva, which lies just at the foot of the Ochil Hills. Betty Macpherson, Jimmie, Leishman and I motored up with **Little Simpson**, who is home again just now from Burma. It was a delightful morning and we arrived in great spirits in time for lunch. Dr. Davidson was rather dreading the ordeal of having to face so many women, but when he saw what delightful creatures we were, he lost all his shyness and settled down to having a real good time with us. After an excellent lunch we set out for Alva Glen, a most entrancing spot with the Alva flowing at the bottom of a deep cleft in the Ochils. We got on to a narrow path and climbed up the steep sides of the valley until the path became a mere sheep track. From the top we had an extensive view in the direction of Stirling. The waterfalls are quite a feature of the glen; we saw three beauties. Little Simpson brought her cub with her, a dear little girl with fair hair and blue eyes like her mother.

"Our next reunion is to be at Betty's on January 20th. She is giving a Royaumont tea-party in her studio.

"I spent a delightful week-end with Disorderly in September. We did quite a lot of sightseeing together. You can gather from all this that Royaumont is very much alive in this part of the world." Miller, who has long lived a busy hospital life, is undertaking typing now that she is living at home. Authors among our members, please note!

Merrylees writes to the Editor: "I think—although he was not universally known—there are many Royaumontites who will be interested to hear of the dear **Curé at Boran**," and she encloses a card from him written just before Christmas from the Oise. "Bien chère Miss," he writes, "votre bonne carte vient me trouver à la maison de retraite de Lailerie Chaumont en Vexier, car ne pouvant plus marcher et très fatigué, j'ai du quitter Boran que je ne pouvais plus administrer. Ici je suis très bien soignée par les bonnes sœurs. Mes forces reviennent un peu. Je puis maintenant dire la messe et suis surtout . . . (the word is hopelessly blotted) des

soucis de ma paroisse. Il m'a été très dur de la quitter après 29 ans, mais la nécessité oblige."

Minchin was married to Herr Max John Steinmann, of Zurich, last May, in France. Writing to the Editor a few days before the event, she said: "My fiancé is German-Swiss, from Zurich, and is an engineer trained at Sulzer's Works at Winterthur. He was in the Swiss Army during the war, and part of the time was on the German frontier. He has been a great athlete, or rather gymnast, and was champion of Switzerland at the age of nineteen. He speaks German and French, and is making great efforts to learn English." Later, writing from Arras on July 12th, she said: "I went to see Lady Haig arrive here this morning. She was announced to arrive at 8.30, and at 8.20 I took up my position in front of the station and there I stood until she arrived at a quarter to ten. I was glad that I had held out—breakfastless!—as I had a good view. What a sweet face she has. She made a little speech in French. In future I must try to find out beforehand functions of this sort arranged by the British Legion. We are for Paris—M. has got a job there and starts immediately after the fêtes of the 14th, and I am to follow—'with dog,' a most unalluring prospect." (Will she please send her address?) Herr Steinmann previously had a job at Bapaume, and Minchin said Arras was a deadly place. Her husband's work had been "terribly hit by the textile strikes in the north, and the factories simply aren't giving orders this year." Early in June they had motored through the Somme battlefields. Minchin wrote a charming little article about it, but the Editor was unsuccessful in placing it for her. It came ten years too late. She had wished to send the proceeds from it to the Emergency Loan Fund. She had been greatly pained to see the sad neglect of the French war cemeteries. "Our friend, who drove us, was French, and he cursed and raged the whole afternoon as we came upon miserable little wooden crosses all askew. It is all a question of money." One must not forget, however, that the British dead had to be collected by our Government into great war cemeteries on French soil, whilst nearly all the French dead whose graves are known to their relatives have been removed to their own village cemeteries. The neglected wooden crosses represent, if not "unknown warriors," at all events in the majority of cases, the unclaimed dead whose village memorials at least keep their names green as those of local citizens who were mobilised but who never came home again.

Moffat, sending a five years' subscription to Tollit last May, wrote from Brechin: "I have not seen any Royaumontites for ages. I came home in the end of November (1930), after a gadding-about summer, and decided to remain at home, and, as there was no masseuse in the district, try my luck in that direction. I expected just to have a very little work, but since the middle of December I've been most awfully busy. It is jolly making one's own practice, and I am enjoying life. I've just got a new car, which is a great help to me, as distances are great, and it is a joy to play with!"

Morgan went off to South Africa again last March, and expected to remain till after Christmas, and then to go to America in April—but she did not make it clear whether she was coming back to England in between. Will she please turn to the reference to her work under "Barclay"!

Those who knew her will be sorry to learn of the death of **Norah Neilson Gray** last May, who was an Orderly from April till October in 1918. From a Scottish paper we quote the following: "The death occurred last night at 1 St. James's Terrace, Glasgow, of Miss Norah Neilson Gray, member of the Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Watercolour. A regular exhibitor both at the exhibitions of the Royal Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts and the Royal Scottish Academy, Miss Neilson Gray was the third daughter of the late Mr. George W. Gray, of Helensburgh. She was the first woman painter to be a 'hanger' in the Glasgow Institute, this distinction being attained by her eight years ago. She studied at the Glasgow School of Art, and later saw service in a French war hospital. Miss Neilson Gray gained medals for her paintings in Paris. She has works in the galleries of Brussels, Nice, Paris, and Toronto, as well as in those of Great Britain and Ireland. She also had works in the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Engravers, the National Portrait Society, the Salon des Artistes Français, and the Beaux Arts. A striking picture entitled 'The Missing Trawler' is in the Art Galleries, Kelvingrove, Glasgow." We are unable to give the name of the newspaper, which, with its date, was cut off in both the clippings sent to us. May we remind members that newspaper cuttings should always bear the date and the name of the journal?

Nicky, writing to Tollit, says that she and a friend have now taken a little flat together in Bucharest, and that she is feeling very house-proud and housewifely. They have a woman to look after them, and are very happy and comfortable.

Sister O'Rorke, who was at Royaumont from February, 1915, to April 24th, 1916, and from September, 1916, till January, 1919, passed away after her long illness at Territet, on December 18th last. The head of the Clinique found Mrs. Knowles' address among her papers, and on December 30th wrote: "I wondered if you have heard that she passed away peacefully on the 18th at midday. Of course she had been much worse this autumn but she struggled on till the end. Only for about a fortnight did she allow our Sister to look after her a little more. She was taken to the Montreux Catholic Church. The priests visited her during her long illness and one was with her at the end. She is buried in the Territet Cemetery a little way above our house. Dr. MacPhail was not able to come. Mr. Mackenzie from Geneva came. If there is anyone that you know would be interested about it, would you please let them know. We have no addresses. Dr. MacPhail is so far away and Mr. Mackenzie knew her very little." Tozer wrote to Mme. Rishardet, and also heard. Mme.

Rishardet said: "I found a few letters and addresses and I wrote to whom I could and asked the people to give the news further on. She spoke very little about herself and never gave us any address. She often spoke of a Catholic priest she was very fond of and hoped to see him before the end, but she never gave us his name nor his address. If you know whom he is, would you please let him know about her? Mr. Mackenzie in Geneva now has all Sister O'Rorke's affairs and papers in hand; I think he would ask the British Consul in Geneva to settle things." An obituary notice was put in the *Times* of January 13th by the publicity department of the Save the Children Fund, which is in close touch with the Children's Hospital at Belgrade, where Sister O'Rorke worked with Dr. Katherine MacPhail from 1921 until she was taken ill. From it we extract such particulars of her career as appear to be correct. "In 1919 Miss O'Rorke went to Serbia with the Scottish Women's Hospital at Vranja to nurse an epidemic of typhus which had broken out in that district. She then joined the American Mission which had established dispensaries throughout the villages to take care of the numerous sick at a time when medical assistance and nursing care were very difficult to procure. In 1921 she joined the staff of the Anglo-Serbian Children's Hospital at Belgrade, in which post she remained until she fell seriously ill in 1930, when she was taken to Switzerland. Before leaving Belgrade she received the Cross of the Red Cross Society, and the Serbian Government conferred on her the Order of St. Sava for her work in the Children's hospital. All her days Miss O'Rorke had devoted herself to the service of others, and many Serbian children owe their health and indeed their lives to the unceasing care she gave them, especially in the Out-Patient's Department of the Children's Hospital during her last four years in Belgrade. Her life was an example of rare devotion to others and of true charity, and her name will not soon be forgotten among the peasants of Serbia, who entrusted their children to her care in the knowledge that all her energies would be used in the endeavour to tend them and nurse them back to health." The paragraph about her earlier service in the war—which was at Royaumont—is not quite correct as to dates. Sister O'Rorke arrived at Royaumont on February 25th, 1915. On August 5th, 1915, Nurse Cavell was arrested at Brussels, where, on the outbreak of war, the Berkendael Medical Institute, of which she was Matron, had been made a Red Cross hospital. The Germans entered Brussels at the end of August, 1914. From November, 1914, to July, 1915, Miss Cavell had joined in the work of an organisation which hid wounded and derelict French and British soldiers. They were taken to the chateau of Prince Reginald de Croy, near Mons, and thence passed to the houses of Miss Cavell and others in Brussels, where they were furnished with money to reach the Dutch frontier with the aid of guides obtained through M. Philippe Baucq. At her court-martial Miss Cavell admitted having thus assisted 200 French, British, and Belgian soldiers to escape from the Germans. On October 9th M. Baucq and Miss Cavell were sentenced to death, and shot on October 12th. Many German

wounded had been tended by Miss Cavell at the Institute. Sister O'Rorke was very much upset at the fate of Miss Cavell, since, just before the War, she had joined Miss Cavell's staff in the Nursing School at the Institute, but had been sent home to England in 1914. (According to the *Times* notice—in December; Sister O'Rorke never mentioned having been arrested by the Germans before she was repatriated.) Sister O'Rorke remained with us until Royaumont was demobilised in January, 1919. We think members will be glad to know that the comforts which they provided for her during her illness were greatly appreciated. Sister O'Rorke sent us greetings at our Dinner on November 28th, which Mrs. Knowles read from the Chair.

Reeve (Mrs. Loach), writing to Mrs. Knowles on December 2nd last, was anxious to obtain **Westcombe's** address as she had a friend who owned a big business in Johannesburg, and she hoped to put them in touch. Reeve has passed through great trouble during 1931, losing a brother in the autumn and her son, aged ten, in the summer. It was kind of her to be endeavouring to help another Royaumontite when she doubtless had all she could do to carry her own burden.

Dr. Richardson duly joined the Association last May, and all who knew her in those strenuous days of 1918, at Royaumont, will give her a very hearty welcome. Your Editor, who, at the time, was trying to deal methodically with X-ray plates at the rate of 100 per day, and was obliged to commandeer the doctors' corridor as a drying ground, had many an occasion to bless the calmness and good temper of Dr. Richardson, who never seemed to lose patience and always had time to be courteous. She wrote to Tollit as follows: "At a recent Annual Tea in connection with one of my Infant Welfare Centres, which was graced by the presence of our M.O.H., Dr. Harpur, and his wife, a chance remark revealed the fact that Mrs. Harpur and myself were both Royaumontites. Great excitement, and many 'do you remember' followed as a matter of course; and I have to-day received the loan of a copy of your latest *News-Letter* with the thrilling description of the last Reunion Dinner. I was away in India during the early years of the Association and so lost touch with the friends of those great days; but I am now in a Public Health post under the Staffs County Council and should much like to be readmitted to the circle and to receive the *News-Letter*. I send the subscription of 2s. 6d., with a donation of £1 towards the Emergency Loan Fund." Dr. Richardson's address is Wiveton House, Marsh Parade, Newcastle, Staffs.

In the Letter from which we have already quoted, **Rolt** remarks that "Trade is bad, but we hope for better things in the New Year—if anyone has any money left after paying their Income Tax!" She hopes any old Royaumontite visiting Berkhamsted will pay a visit to 148A High Street (Telephone 361), as "it's always cheering to see friends!" May we add a postscript? It would be particularly cheering to see customers! For those who do not know, we may repeat that Rolt runs a dressmaking and millinery business.

Little Simpson (Mrs. Gray) is back from Burma, and was hoping to find a flat in London by Christmas time. She says, in a letter to Smieton: "Good luck to the Reunion, and if there is any function next Spring in London, I'll be delighted to come to that."

Spécialiste, Madame Spécialiste, and young Robert write every Christmas to Merrylees—because she never forgets to write to them. The Spécialiste now lives at Étampes-sur-Marne. His boy Robert is doing his year's military service and "il est passé caporal chef." At the end of the first quarter of 1932 he will be home again, "mais malheureusement son métier plus que tout autre souffre de la crise et c'est bien ennuyeux d'être obligé d'abandonner un métier qui demande d'être pratiqué sans arrêt, mais que faire? Espérer! il le faut et pour longtemps encore; à quand le changement de cette triste situation mondiale? Pour ce qui est de nous, ça va. Jusqu'ici le travail fourmi amplement, c'est encore dans l'alimentations qu'il y a moins de chômage. Toujours heureux du succès de votre banquet annuel auquel je serais fier d'y pouvoir assister—cela me procurait le grand plaisir de revoir toutes ces Dames si bonnes et si dévouées qui certainement seront toujours dans la mémoire de tous les Français qui sont passés par Royaumont." Madame Rouilly describes how they have moved into a new house of six rooms, which they have all to themselves, "avec un immense jardin qui nous donne de la distraction à souhaits et qui nous permet d'avoir une basse-cour avec tout son assortiment"—so that they are "never bored"!

Westcombe (Mrs. Wright) writes to Mrs. Knowles from Craig-y-Don, Oustshoom, Cape Province: "I hope this letter will reach you before the Dinner. If it does, will you convey my love and best wishes to all?" (It did.) "We have had to leave England very suddenly owing to the health of my husband and little girl Jane," she continues, who were both ordered the dry heat of South Africa. "There was nothing to do but come.

We are trying to exist on a microscopic pension. Luckily food is cheap and we are carrying on." She sends a photo of her Cubs for the Album, taken just before Jane was taken ill with septic pneumonia. Then she continues: "Do you know if there are any Royaumontites in this neighbourhood? My husband is very eager to get something to do. He is able to undertake any clerical or bookkeeping work, or (he was at Oxford) can coach in Mathematics or Latin. Although he has had a commercial career, he also has done coaching in his spare time. He is still quite young—only just forty. We are free agents and can move to any part of Africa that is not damp and that the children can live in. I should be more than grateful if enquiries could be made at the Dinner. I am so sorry not to be there. I have only missed three since the War."

Muriel Wilson, who lives in Perth, went to Fife last April to see some relations, "and found them both dying of pneumonia—and **Sister Lindsay** in charge! It was nice seeing her and we had a good talk, in spite of the tragic surroundings. She is looking very well and not a bit changed since Royaumont days."

As we go to press **Jamieson** writes: "I am very sorry you did not get my letter written almost immediately after **Betty's** party. It must have got lost in transit. Betty gave us a very hearty welcome and was burning peat, brought from John o' Groats, for our special benefit. She has a charming room—a little suite in fact—in a large house, and I thoroughly enjoyed walking round and looking at her treasures. **Big Andy** could not be present and wired at the last moment to say so. **Staples** also was an absentee, but **Miller, Leishman, MacColl** and myself had a most pleasant afternoon. I believe **Miss Gray** is trying to arrange a Re-union in Edinburgh. I listened in to **Mackay** broadcasting a lecture on Stirling Castle the other day. Her voice gets over very well and her matter was most interesting. I hope this second edition of my letter is still in time!"